

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### ALLEGHENY.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARRETT.

Green old hills! our country's glory  
Proudly in the midst you stand;  
Linked with many a sweet old story  
Of our fathers' hand.  
Northward, southward, broadly stretching,  
Where the Susquehanna gleams;  
Through Virginia's land of beauty,  
Far away to Southern streams.

Here the dusky hunters proudly  
Chased the deer, in days gone by;  
Here the mountain echoes loudly  
Wake their warrior's battle cry;  
Here the white invaders boldly  
Drove him from his haunts away;  
And the winds are sighing sadly,  
While he takes his western way.

Green old hills of Allegheny!  
Oh! to climb your heights once more!  
Western to the mighty river,  
Eastern toward the Atlantic shore,  
Oh! with proud heart bounding wildly,  
On your highest cliff to stand;  
While Columbia's sweetest valleys  
Sleep beyond an eastern hand.

Green old hills! our country's glory!  
We will proudly gain your prize!  
You shall be the theme of song,  
Wake the minstrel's sweetest lays.  
Fare ye well our footstep wanderer,  
You for ever each quiet dwelling,  
Sought our faithful hearts shall wander  
From our country's green old hills!

### SONG OF THE WORM.

I am King of a realm under the sod,  
Where expressly I reign as earth-worm god;  
For never ever come to dispute my sway,  
Down in my Kingdom, down deep in the clay.

I've ruled over it long; this realm of the dead;  
On the dust of mortals and Kings I tread;  
For greater than death, far greater am I;  
I reign over him, where his dead bones lie.

I wield for my scepter a polished bone,  
And of human skulls is fashioned my throne;  
My subjects outnumber the sands on the shore,  
And to my Kingdom each day adds more.

The old and the young, the bond and the free,  
The rich and the poor, all bow down to me;  
The fane of my Kingdom is spread far and near,  
And millions are waiting to journey down here.

Oh! how I revel beneath the gray stones,  
And much up and down amid the white bones;  
While the worms above, ah! little they know  
Of the monarch worm, and his Kingdom below.

But even they come where my feast is spread,  
And the living and loving shall lie with the dead;  
And I'll glory in watching their slow decay,  
As the flesh from their white bones is waiting away.

## Select Tale.

### THE KINLOCH ESTATE. AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

#### (CONTINUED.)

#### CHAPTER III.

"I have brought you a statement of the property, Mrs. Kinloch," said Mr. Clump. "It is a very legal form, embracing the items which you gave to me; it must be returned at the next Probate term."

Mrs. Kinloch took the paper and glanced over it.

"This statement must be sworn to, Mrs. Kinloch."

"By you?"

"By me?"

"We are joined in the administration, and both must swear to it."

There was a pause. Mrs. Kinloch, resting her hands on her knees, tossed the hem of her dress with her foot, as though meditating.

"I shall of course readily make oath to the schedule," she continued—"at least, after you have done so; for I have no personal knowledge of the effects of the deceased."

His manner was decorous, but he regarded her keenly. She changed the subject.

"People seem to think I have a mint in the house; and such bills as come in! Since the cabinet-maker, has sent his bill to-day, as soon as my husband is fairly under ground; forty dollars for a cherry coffin, which he made in one day. Clearer, the butcher, too, has sent a bill running back for five years or more. Now I know that Mr. Kinloch never had an ounce of meat from him that he didn't pay for. If they all go on in this way, I shall have a cent left. Everybody tries to cheat the widow!"

"And orphan," interposed Mr. Clump. She looked at him quietly; but he was imperturbable.

"We must begin to collect what is due," she continued.

"Did you refer to the notes from Ploeghman?" asked Mr. Clump. "He is perfectly good; and he will pay the interest till we want to use the money."

"I wasn't thinking of Ploeghman," she replied, but of Mark Davenport, Uncle Ralph Hardwick's nephew. They say he is a teacher in one of the fashionable schools in New York—and he must be able to pay if he's ever going to."

"Well, when he comes on here, I will present the notes."

"But I don't intend to wait till he comes; can't you send the demands to a lawyer where he is?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; but that course will necessarily be attended with some expense."

"I choose to have it done," said Mrs. Kinloch, decisively. "Mildred, who has always been foolishly partial to the young man, insists that her father intended to give up the notes to Mark, and she thinks that was what he wanted to send for Un-

cle Ralph about, just before he died. I don't believe it, and I don't intend to fling away my money upon such folks."

"You are quite right, ma'am," said the lawyer. "The inconsiderate generosity of school children would be a poor basis for the transactions of business."

"And besides," continued Mrs. Kinloch, "I want the young man to remember the blacksmith's shop that he came from, and get over his ridiculous notion of looking up to our family."

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Clump, "that is it? Well, you are a sagacious woman"—looking at her with unfeigned admiration.

"I can see through a millstone, when there is a hole in it," said Mrs. Kinloch. "And I mean to stop this nonsense."

"To be sure—it would be a very unequal match in every way. Besides, I am told that he isn't well-grounded in doctrine. He even goes to Brooklyn to hear Torchlight preach." And Mr. Clump rolled up his eyes, interlocking his fingers, as he was wont when at church-meeting he rose to exhort.

"I don't pretend to be a judge of doctrine, farther than the catechism goes," said the widow; "but Mr. Rook says that Torchlight is a dangerous man, and will lead the churches off into infidelity."

"Yes, Mrs. Kinloch, the free-thinking of this age is the fruitful parent of all evil—of Mormonism, Unitarianism, Spiritualism, and of all those forms of error which seek to overthrow"

There was a crash in the china-closet. Mrs. Kinloch went to the door, and leading out Lucy Ransom, the maid, and the ear, exclaimed, "You hussy, what were you there for? I'll teach you to be listening about in closets," (giving the ear a fresh tweak.) "You eavesdropper!"

"Quit!" cried Lucy. "I didn't mean to listen. I was there rubbin' the silver 'fore you come. Then I didn't want to come out, for I was afraid."

"What made the smash, then?" demanded Mrs. Kinloch.

"I was settin' things on the top shelf, and the chair tipped over."

"Don't make it worse by fibbing! If that was so, how came the chair to tip the way it did? You were trying to peep over the door. Go to the kitchen!"

Lucy went out with fallen plumes. Mrs. Clump took her hat to go also.

"Don't go till I get you the notes," said Mrs. Kinloch.

As she brought them, he said, "I will send these by the next mail, with instructions to collect."

While his hand was on the latch, she spoke again:

"Mr. Clump, did you ever look over the deed of the land we own about the dam where the mill stands?"

"No, ma'am, I have never seen it."

"I wish you would have the land surveyed according to this title," she said. "Quite privately, you know. Just have the line run, and let me know about it. Perhaps it will be a mile to send over to Riverbank and get Gunter to do it; he will keep quiet about it."

Mrs. Clump stood still a moment. Here was a woman whom he was expecting to lead like a child, but who on the other hand had fairly saddled and bridled him, so that he was driven he knew not whither.

"Why do you propose this, may I ask, Mrs. Kinloch?"

"Oh, I have heard," she replied, carelessly, "that there was some error in the surveys. Mr. Kinloch often talked of having it corrected, but, like most men, put it off. Now, as we may sell the property, we shall want to know what we have got."

"Certainly, Mrs. Kinloch, I will follow your prudent suggestions"—adding to himself, as he walked away, "I shall have to be tolerably shrewd to get ahead of that woman. I wonder what she is driving at."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Ralph Hardwick was the village blacksmith. His shop stood on the bank of the river, not far from the dam. The great wheel below the flume rolled all day, throwing over its burden of diamond drops, and tilting the ponderous hammer with a monotonous clatter. What a palace of wonders to the boys was that grim and sooty shop!—the roar of the fires, as they were fed by the laboring bellows; the sound of water, rushing, gurgling, or muzzling dropping, heard in the pauses; the fiery shower of sparks that flew when the trip-hammer fell; and the soft and glowing mass held by the smith's tongs with firm grasp, and turning to some form of use under his practiced eye! How proud were the young amateur blacksmiths when the kind-hearted owner of the shop gave them liberty to heat and pound a bit of nail-rod, to mend a skate or a sled-runner, or sharpen a pronged fish-spear! Still happier were they, when, at night, with his sons and nephew, they were allowed to huddle on the forge, sitting on the bottoms of old buckets or boxes, and watching the fire, from the pale blue border of flame in the edge of the damp charcoal, to the redden glow of the glowing column that shot with an arrowy stream of sparks up the wide-throated chimney. How the dark rafters and nail-pierced roof grew ruddy as the white-hot plowshare or iron bar was drawn from the fire!—what alternations of light and shadow! No painter ever drew figure in such relief as the blacksmith presented in that wonderful light, with his glistening face, his tense muscles, and his upraised arm.

Alas! the hammer is still; the wheel

dashes no more the glittering spray; the fire has died out in the forge; the blacksmith's long day's work is done!

He settled in finished when it was but a district attached to a neighboring town. There were but three or four houses in the now somewhat populous village. He came on foot driving his cow; his wife following in the wagon, with their little stock of household goods—not forgetting his hammer, more potent than Prospero's wand. The minister, the doctor, and Squire Kinloch, who constituted the aristocracy, yielded precedence in date to Ralph Hardwick, Knight of the Ancient Order of the Anvil.

So he toiled faithfully to his calling. By day the din of his hammer rarely ceased, and by night the flame and sparks from his chimney were a Pharos to all travelers approaching the town. Children were born to him, for which he blessed God and worked the harder. He attained a moderate prosperity, secure from want, but still dependent upon labor for bread. At length his wife died; he wept like a true and noble husband, as he was, and henceforth was both mother and father to his babes.

During all his life he kept Sunday with religious scrupulousness, and with his family went to the house of worship in all weathers. From the very first he had been leader of the choir, and had given the pitch with a fork hammered and tuned by his own hands. With a clear and sympathetic voice, he had such an instinctive taste and power of expression, that his song of penitence or praise was far more devotional than the labored efforts of many more highly cultivated singers. Music and poetry flowed smoothly and naturally from his lips, but in uttering the common prose of daily life his organs were rebellious. The truth must be spoken—he stammered badly, ineffectually. Whether it was owing to the attempt to overcome his impediment by making his speech musical, or to the cadences of his hammer beating time while his brain was shaping its airy fancies, his thoughts ran naturally in verse.

Do not smile at the thought of Vulcan's calloused fingers touching the chords of the lyre to delicate music. This man shone as lovingly upon the smart face of the blacksmith in his shop door, as upon the scholar in his library window. "Poetry was an angel in his breast," making his heart glad with her heavenly presence; he did not "make her his drudge, his maid of all work," as professional versemakers do.

Mr. Hardwick's younger sister was married to a hard-working, stern, puritanical man, named Davenport, (not her first love,) who removed to a Western State when it was almost a wilderness, cleared for himself a farm, and built a log-house. The toil and privations of frontier life soon wrought their effects upon Mrs. Davenport's delicate constitution. She fell into a rapid decline and died. Her husband was seized with a fever the summer after, and died also, leaving two children, Mark and Anna. The blacksmith had six motherless children of his own; but he set out for the West and brought the orphans home with him. He henceforth treated them like his own offspring, manifesting a woman's tenderness as well as a father's care for them.

Mark was a comely lad, with the yellow curling hair, the clear blue eyes, and the marked symmetry of features that belonged to his uncle. He had inherited his love of reading and study; he was first in his class at every winter's school, and had devoured all the books within his reach. Then he borrowed an old copy of Adam's Latin Grammar from Dr. Greenfield, and committed the rules to memory without a teacher. That was his introduction to the classics.

But Mr. Hardwick believed in the duty and excellence of work, and Mark, as well as his cousins, was trained to make himself useful. So the grammar was studied and Virgil read at chance intervals, when a storm interrupted out-door work, or while waiting at the upper mill for a grist, or of nights at the shop by the light of the forge fire. The paragon was committed to memory with an anvil accompaniment; and long after, he never could scan a line of Homer without hearing the ringing blows of his uncle's hammer keeping time to the verse.

At sixteen years of age he was ready to enter college, though he had received little aid in his studies, except when some schoolmaster who was versed in the humanities chanced to be hired for the winter. But his uncle was not able to support him at any respectable university, and the lad's prospects for such an education he desired seemed to be none of the best.

At this point an incident occurred which changed the course of our hero's life, and as it will serve to explain how he came to give his notes to Mr. Kinloch, on which the administrators are about to bring suit, it should properly be related here.

Mark Davenport was at work on a farm a short distance from the village. He hoped to enter college the following autumn, and he knew no means to obtain money for a portion of his outfit except by the labor of his hands. He could get twenty dollars a month for the summer season. Sixty, or possibly seventy dollars—what ideas of opulence were suggested by the sound of these words!

It was a damp, drizzly day; there was not a settled rain, yet it was too wet to work in the corn. Mark was therefore busy in picking loose stones from the sur-

face of a field cultivated the year before, and now "seeded down" for grass. A portion of the field bordered on a pond, and the adlers upon its margin formed a dense green palisade, over which might be seen the gray surface of the water flecked by the tiny drops of rain. Low clouds trailed their ganzy robes over the top of Mount Quabbin, and flecks of mist swept across the blue sides of the loftier Mount Elizabeth.

"What a perfect day for fishing!" thought Mark. "If I had my tackle here, and a frog's leg or a shiner, I would soon have a pickerel out from under those lily-pads."

But he kept at work, and, having his basket full of stones, carried them to the pond and plumped them in. A growl of anger came up from behind the bushes.

"What do you mean, you lubber, throwing stones over here to scare away the fish?"

The bushes parted at the same time, showing Hugh Branning in the end of his boat, and apparently just in the act of throwing out his line.

"If I had known you were there fishing," said Mark, "I shouldn't have thrown the stones into the water. But," he continued, while every fibre tingled with indignation, "I will have you to know that I am not to be talked to in that way by you or anybody else."

"I would like to know how you are going to help yourself," said Hugh, stepping ashore and advancing.

"You will find out, Mr. Insolence, if you don't leave this field. You ain't on the quarter deck yet, bullying a tar with his hat off."

"Bless me! how the young Vulcan talks!"

"I have talked all I am going to. Now get into your boat and be off."

"I don't propose to be in a hurry," said Hugh with provoking coolness, standing with his arm akimbo.

The remembrance of Hugh's usual patronizing airs, together with his insulting language, was too much for Mark's impetuous temper. He was in a delirium of rage, and he rushed upon his antagonist. Hugh stood warily upon the defensive, and parried Mark's blows with admirable skill; he had not the muscle nor the endurance of the young blacksmith, but he had considerable skill in boxing, and was perfectly cool; and though Mark finally succeeded in grappling and hurling to the ground his lithe and resolute foe, it was not until he had been pretty severely pommelled himself, especially in his face. Mark set his knee on the breast of his adversary and waited to hear "Enough." Hugh ground his teeth, but there was no escape; no feint nor sudden movement could reverse their positions; and, out of breath, he gave up in sullen despair.

"Let me up," he said, at length. Mark arose, and being by this time thoroughly sobered, he walked off without a word and picked up his basket.

Hugh, on the other hand, was more and more angry every minute. The indignity he had suffered was not to be tamely submitted to. He got into his boat and took his oar; he looked back and saw Mark commencing work again; the temptation was too strong. He picked up one of the largest of the stones that Mark had emptied into the shallow margin of the pond; he threw it with all his force, and hurriedly pushed off from the shore without stopping to ascertain the extent of the mischief he had done. He knew that the stone did not miss, for he saw Mark fall heavily to the ground, and that was enough. The injury was serious. Mark was carried to the farm house and was confined to his bed for six weeks with a brain fever, being delirious for the greater part of the time. Hugh Branning found the town quite uncomfortable; the eyes of all the people he met seemed to scorch him. He was bold and self-reliant; but no man can stand up singly against the indignation of a whole community. He went on a visit to Boston, and not long after, to the exceeding grief of his mother, entered the navy.

When Mark was recovering, Mr. Rook, the clergyman, called and offered to aid him in his college course, if he would agree to study for the ministry. But the young man declined the proposal, because he thought himself unfitted for the sacred calling.

"No," he added with a smile, "I'm not made for an evangelist; not much like the beloved disciple at all events, but rather like peppery Peter—ready, if provoked, to whisk off an ignoble ear."

Mr. Rook returned home sorrowful; and at the next meeting of the sewing-circle the unfortunate Mark received a full share of attention; for the offer of aid came partly from this society. When this matter had been the talk of the village for a day or two, Squire Kinloch made some errand to the house where Mark was. What passed between the young man did not choose to relate, but he showed his Uncle Hardwick the Squire's check for two hundred and fifty dollars, and told him he should receive a similar sum each year until he finished his collegiate course.

The promise was kept; the yearly supply was furnished; and Mark graduated with honor, having given notes amounting to a thousand dollars. With cheerful alacrity he commenced teaching in a popular seminary, intending to pay his debts before studying a profession.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Out-straw is best for filling beds; should be changed once a year.

## Miscellaneous.

### NELL MALHERREY.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Oh, cruel Nell Malherrey!  
She will break my heart, I say;  
For her mouth is like a cherry,  
And she kisses such a way!

She says she's not deceiving,  
But she says it such a way,  
That I know there's no believing  
She will love me for a day!

All her fond caresses  
Seem but smiles and light and gay,  
For she smiles and shakes her tresses  
From her forehead, such a way!

When I am sad, she teases,  
And she frowns when I am gay;  
For she knows her posing places,  
When she does it such a way!

I ask her more in sorrow  
Than in hope, to name the day,  
And she always says, "To-morrow,"  
But she says it such a way!

I call my Nell, "Deceiver,"  
But she sighs and whispers, "Nay!"  
And she knows that I believe her,  
When she answers such a way!

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.—The Bill lately introduced into the Lower House of Congress by Hon. Mr. Morris, of Ill., to the effect of acknowledging the right of the Territories of the United States to elect and appoint their own Governors and Judges, is both timely and logical. It is timely, because the encroachments on the liberties, will and opinions of the people of the Territories on the part of Federal authorities, have never been so tyrannical, as of late. The whole political history of Kansas is a long chain of evidences in favor of our statement. It is logical, because the principle of popular sovereignty once admitted as the basis of the civil and political rights of the American people, we do not see how, consistently with this principle, the President of the United States should have the prerogative of appointing Governors and Judges to rule large masses of people, without either their consent or knowledge, who, on the other hand, are acknowledged to possess the supreme power residing exclusively within the people. A conqueror exercises his rights of conquest on subjected provinces, particularly by appointing to govern them, Rulers and Judges of his own choice and creation. Thus Napoleon the First acted toward Milan, Naples, Spain, Holland, Warsaw and Westphalia. Thus our Presidents have acted toward the Territories.

We sincerely wish that the Bill of Hon. Mr. Morris may become a law; both for the benefit of the people of the Territories, and the logical consistency of the principle of popular sovereignty. —Wyandott Gazette.

SENATOR DOUGLAS STILL ON THE PRESIDENTIAL TRACK.—The St. Louis Republican, whose editor has returned from the South, where he had accompanied Senator Douglas on his tour of speech making, denies as "ridiculous," "foolish" and "absurd" the report that the "Little Giant" was writing a letter declining to be a candidate for the Presidency in 1860. It says, "Judge Douglas, in all probability, never thought of writing such a letter—no contingency has arisen to demand it—and he would hardly volunteer a declaration of this kind until some pretext was offered for it." This contradiction is to be regarded as semi-official.

THE MUSKRATS AGAIN.—The La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat says: "Everywhere upon our neighboring marshes the muskrats are building their winter-houses on comparatively high ground, or pretty much out of the water. By the testimony of the oldest inhabitants, this fact always foreshadows an open winter. If a hard, freezing winter is at hand, the muskrats build low in the water, to keep under the ice. If an open or mild winter approaches, they keep nearer the surface."

The muskrats "proved true prophets" last year.

THE DEMOCRATS ENDORSE BUCHANAN'S KANSAS POLICY.—We are informed that a distinguished Democrat of this city, attempted to offer, in the Democratic Convention at Leavenworth, a resolution disapproving of the Kansas policy of the Administration, but the resolution was squelched; the Buchanan men talking against time, until two o'clock in the morning. So they go. Your true lovers of Freedom and Free Institutions never get into such a crazy craft as Messrs. Goodin, Easton, Moore, Isaacs, & Co. have rigged out.—Lawrence Republican.

THE EQUALITY OF JUSTICE.—In the Court of Special Sessions, at New York, a man was tried and convicted for keeping a house of ill-fame, in which he forced young girls of 14 years of age and thereabouts to prostitute themselves to every class of wretches, who frequented his vile den, received a sentence of three months in the Penitentiary; while a man was sent to prison for the same term, for stealing a brass key worth ten cents; and another for six months, for stealing four cents!

The New York Herald is sure there will be "no peace" between Douglas and the Administration in 1860, (even if there is now a truce,) and that the Southern Presidential aspirants will succeed in placing the Senator "in a back seat," and in out-generaling him at Charleston.

### Mr. Crittenden on Biographies.

Some time since, says an exchange, John S. Benson, Esq., desirous of laying before the American public an authentic biography of Hon. John J. Crittenden, wrote to that distinguished statesman, asking his permission to prepare and publish such a work. Mr. Crittenden declined the request, in a letter which does honor to his feelings as a true man and patriot. We give it below, with the exception of such parts as were of a purely personal character:

FRANKFORT, Sept. 5, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:—Absence from home, and other circumstances, have long postponed my acknowledgment of and reply to your interesting and kind letter of the 10th of July last.

The reasons which you urge for the publication of some history of my life and character, are very friendly and flattering to me, and I duly appreciate the motives which have prompted your offer, so kindly, to undertake the labor of such a work.

I do not at all doubt your capacity—your beautiful letter manifests that your pen is worthy of a higher subject; but I do not intend, sir, to deal in compliments.

Thankful as I am to you for your offer, I cannot now give you the permission you ask, to write my biography, because I did, before the date of your letter, promise that permission to another, whenever I could bring myself to consent to the publication of such a work. By that promise I am bound.

I may add, sir, that I have a strong disinclination to appear to assume a place among the justly distinguished historical characters of our country, and I have a still greater aversion and disgust at the very idea of being reckoned among the numerous, vain class, that figure only in biographies.

I fear the public would hardly ascribe much importance to, or take much interest in, the history of my life; and I shrink from the idea of seeming to exact more of its attention than may be due to me, or of seeming to claim for myself the honored honors of history. It is time enough when a man is dead, to write his biography. Such are my feelings on the subject.

I am, very respectfully, yours, etc., J. J. CRITTENDEN.

Rev. Mr. Elliott, of the Congregational Church, in Stamford, Connecticut, has been dismissed for "endeavoring to get work done on the Sabbath—unbecomingly temper—visiting improper places of amusement—and preaching old sermons." Mr. Elliott thus explains these charges: He called upon a milliner on Sunday evening, to say his wife must have her bonnet in season for the early Monday train to New York; he parted a couple of fighting boys in the street, and when one of them used profane language to him, gently boxed his ears; that he once visited Niblo's to see the Ravel family; and never preached an old sermon which he had not been requested to.

The London correspondent of the Express says:

Looking into a parish school the other day, curiosity led me to take up the geography the pupils were studying. Six or eight pages only were devoted to the United States, and the population was named at 17,000,000! New York, 300,000! Philadelphia, 200,000! Boston, 90,000! It is surprising the people are ignorant with such sort of instruction?

The National Intelligencer shows, that up to the time of the famous U. S. Telegraph, in Washington, there was no government press strictly so called; that is a press depending entirely upon the will of the executive. That anomaly, in our country, was introduced by Gen. Jackson, with many other of the consequences of political despotism.

Eleven years ago, not one acre of land had been sold in the Territory of Minnesota. What was then a wild Territory, is now one of the States of the American Union, dotted over with flourishing cities and villages, supporting an active and increasing population. This is the way our country grows.

According to Murphy's Roman Catholic Almanac there are now in the United States seven Ecclesiastical (Roman Catholic) Provinces, forty-three Dioceses, two Vicariates, forty-five Bishops, two thousand one hundred and eight Priests, and two thousand three hundred and thirty-four churches.

FORGIBLE AND TRUE.—The Columbia Statesman, after noticing the efforts of Southern editors to declare Leecompton a dead issue, says: "They may now pluck the noxious flower from its stem and trample it under their feet, but its fragrance will live to offend their nostrils still."

Buchanan's statesmanship is ripe.—Memphis Appeal.

Yes; his statesmanship is so very "ripe" that it is absolutely rotten, and may be quoted on both sides of every question.—Memphis Eagle.

In the Chicago post office mails are received daily from twenty railroad trains. Thirty-five hundred mails (the Press says) are made up every day. Over five million letters and six million papers were handled the last quarter.

All persons interested in Slavery in South Carolina, amount to only 32,700, out of a population of 600,000.

## Useful and Curious.

THE GASTRIC JUICE.—Professor Silliman, in a late lecture, stated that the gastric juice, which is the great agent of digestion, would pour into the stomach when any food or other substance is placed there. This juice, he said, was easily taken from the stomach, and he had a bottle of it. The liquid was at the present time apparently as pure as it was ten years ago. It had the peculiar property of self preservation, or of resisting putrefaction. It would, if warmed to blood heat, dissolve meat in a wine glass. He said he had never come to any satisfactory conclusions, as to its character, from his attempts at analyzing it; and he had sent a portion of it to one of the most learned and skillful chemists of Europe, but he was able to throw but very little light upon the subject. But this, Professor S. said he did know, that it had no affinity with alcohol, and that they were in their nature and attributes totally diverse, and possessed counteracting qualities.

BOTTLING 'EM UP.—A traveller in Brazil thus describes the proceedings of a man who was making a collection of the "varmints" of that region:

"He procures poisonous snakes by splitting the end of a stick into a fork, which he places over the neck of the snake, and holds him until a gourd or bottle is fixed over his head, when he loosens the fork and the snake crawls into the cavity. He then corks the gourd and puts it into his pocket. After the snake starves to death, or is drowned in spirits, his skin is taken off and stuffed, ready for transporting to the museums of the civilized world."

CURE FOR BALDNESS.—A medical journal says that the decoction of box-wood has been successfully tried in cases of baldness. Four large handfuls of the stem and leaves of the garden box are boiled in three pints of water, in a closely-covered vessel, for fifteen minutes, and allowed to stand in an earthen jar ten hours or more; the liquid is then strained, and once once and a half cognac added, and with this solution the head is well washed every morning.—Eclectic Med. Jour.

Cypress trees on the continent of America grow to immense ages. By counting the concentric rings observed in the wood, on sawing a trunk across, it appears that 400 years is a common age. There is a gigantic trunk near Santa Maria del Tula, in the province of Oaxaca, in Mexico, whose circumference at the dilated base is no less than 200 feet. Of this, taking 1-6 line as the average growth of a year, the age would be 3512 years.

PREVALENCE OF RAIN.—It is little known, that the further we go South, until we reach the equator, the more the rain increases. Thus, at St. Petersburg, there falls annually, 17 1/2 inches of rain; while at Vera Cruz there falls nearly 64 inches. The explanation of this, is that in warm climates evaporation proceeds more vigorously; hence more vapors and clouds arise, and consequently there are more showers.

THE AUTHOR OF THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE.—We met a gentleman in a bookstore the other evening searching for the origin of the Multiplication table. Who of our readers could have told him its author? It was invented by Pythagoras, the Grecian philosopher, 589 years before Christ, and is thus 2391 years old. It has done great service in the world, in the study of mathematics.

A DOG STORY.—Some time ago a resident of Marlborough, Mass., sold a large dog. The purchaser took the dog to New York. The dog followed him about the city until he was suddenly found to be missing. At two o'clock the next afternoon the dog arrived at his old home in Marlborough, having, in twenty one hours, travelled about one hundred and sixty miles.

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.—There is one small fact in domestic economy which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble and temper. If the candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may, therefore, be easily lighted again; but if blown upon downward, the contrary is the case.—Scientific Artizan.

TO REMOVE MARKS FROM TABLES.—Hot dishes sometimes leave whitish marks on varnished tables when set, as they should not be, carelessly upon them. To remove it pour some lamp oil on the spot, and rub it hard with a soft cloth. Then pour on a little spirits, and rub it dry with another cloth, and the white mark will disappear, leaving the table as before.

RECIPES.—Take a pint of pulverized charcoal and put it into a bag, then put it into a barrel of new cider, and the cider will never ferment, will never contain any intoxicating quality, and is more and more palatable the longer it is kept.

A bowl containing two quarts of water, set in an oven, when baking, will prevent pies, cakes, bread, &c., from being scorched, so says an exchange. Try it, Ladies.

RECREATION.—Bathe the part with a strong decoction of alcohol and pepper. Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones. They make nice-cake.